

The Star.

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NUMBER 20.

Childrens' Reeper Suits FOR \$2 00	BOYS' Long Pants Suits FOR \$3.50	Childrens' SUITS FOR \$2 00.	Boys' Knee Pants Suits with extra pair pants \$3.00.	Boys' Knee Pants Suits FOR \$1.00
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Black or Blue!

Men's, Boy's and Children's

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ANY - SIZE - OR - STYLE!

Single Breasted Sack Suits, sizes from 33 to 48, Blue or Black.

Cutaway Frock Suits, Blue or Black.

Regent Cutaway Suits, full long style.

We buy all our suits from the finest manufactory of men's suits and if you find any of our clothing to rip we ask you to bring the suit back and we give you a new suit.

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Remember we have one of the Finest

GUTTERS in our Merchant Tailor Department. Suits for \$20.00 and up.

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Hats! Hats! For the Children, Hats! Hats! For the Men and Hats! Hats! Hats! For Everyone.

Wed a Neck-tie to your Col-lar. We will tie the knot for 25c.

OF MARGUERITES.

"A little, passionately—not at all!"
She casts the snowy petals on the air,
And what care we how many petals fall?
Nay, wherefore seek the seasons to forestall?
It is but playing, and she will not care,
"A little, passionately—not at all!"
She would not answer us if we should call
Across the years, her visions are too fair,
And what care we how many petals fall?
She knows us not, nor reeks if she inhale
With voice and eyes and fashion of her hair,
"A little, passionately—not at all!"
Knee deep she goes in meadow grasses tall,
Kissed by the daisies that her fingers tear,
And what care we how many petals fall?
We pass and go, but she shall not recall
What men we were, nor all she made us bear.
"A little, passionately—not at all!"
And what care we how many petals fall?
—Ernest Dowson.

MAGIC EXPLAINED.

THE STAR TRICKS OF HINDOO CON-JURERS MADE EASY.

The Mango Trick Explained by Kellar, the Magician—It Is the Same Which Globe Trotter Stevens Claims Is Miraculously Performed by Yogi Men.

The sleight of hand performances of Mr. Maskelyne, a remarkably clever juggler, have excited a great deal of interest in London. Not only are his tricks skillfully done, but his explanations of other tricks have attracted much attention among a class of men who seldom visit the halls where feats of this sort are presented.

The Mail and Express recently published an article from the London Spectator in which the writer describes one or two tricks which he saw in India and which mystified him greatly. Here is one, which, by the way, is described by Thomas Stevens, the globe trotter, who says that the Yogi men, who perform it, are aided by an occult force that the world is as yet ignorant of.

A juggler placed a cloth over the pavement of the street, and presently he removed it, and there was a mango growing between the stones. "The juggler," adds the writer, "one of the hereditary caste, did undoubtedly make a leaf spring out of the ground; did make it grow into a dwarf mango, and did hand the mango from it to be eaten. It looked wonderful because of the apparent simplicity of the juggler, but he performed his feat in four processes, and between each he shook out his chudder, or muslin wrapper, so that it passed for an instant between the spectators and the plant. The writer had no doubt then and has no doubt now that this was done not to conceal anything, but to distract attention momentarily; that the first leaf, the upgrowth of leaves, the dwarf mango and the mango on it were all of wax or other carefully made imitation, and that the whole miracle was marvelously rapid sleight of hand."

To Americans who are interested in this sort of thing this mystery is almost amusing. It was exposed several years ago by Kellar, the prestidigitator. Four or five years ago Kellar publicly offered \$1,000 to any one who would perform a trick which he could not duplicate and which he could not prove to be done by wholly human aids. A number of persons who had recently visited India immediately deluged him with descriptions of this and other specimens of oriental jugglery. Of course as they could not perform the trick themselves they did not compete for his money offer, and therefore they were not publicly answered.

Kellar, however, gave me personally a full explanation not only of these tricks, but of several others which have long baffled the cleverest of the occidental investigators. The magician has spent more than 15 years of his professional life in India and the far east, and he has closely studied the tricks of the native jugglers with more or less profit to himself. This is how he explained the mango or pineapple trick as nearly as I can recall it:

"The first time I saw the mango trick," said he, "was in Bombay in 1879 or thereabouts, and the man who did it was the most skillful conjurer I ever saw in India. Even after I had learned the secret of his illusion I could not help admiring its ingenuity and the dexterity with which it was performed. The juggler and his two comrades chose a spot before the Prince of Wales' statue on the plaza. He first laid down a bag on the hard ground and then drew from it a large bandanna handkerchief. Digging a small hole in the ground with one finger, he buried a pineapple seed, and over this he placed his handkerchief. He carefully smoothed out the cloth, rubbing swiftly from left to right. After this maneuver was ended he made several passes with his arms over the handkerchief, while his comrades beat industriously upon their drums and blew upon their pipes.

"Suddenly, to my surprise, I saw the handkerchief begin to slowly rise in the center and gently sway from side to side as though a plant were really sprouting to life from the seed which he had planted beneath the cloth. When the handkerchief had risen like a tent to a height of about 12 inches, the conjurer stopped his incantations and cautiously lifted up the left hand corner of the cover and peered beneath it. Then, plunging both hands underneath to the accompaniment of loud and discordant music, he threw aside the cloth and showed a full grown pineapple plant.

"This is the way he did the trick, as

he afterward admitted to me:

"In smoothing out the cloth he reached into the bag, the mouth of which was conveniently placed near the handkerchief, and whisked out a hooded cobra snake. The moment the reptile was laid down it began to coil. That made the handkerchief rise. When it had reached its full height, its angry hissing meanwhile being drowned by the music of the assistants, the performer looked under the cloth, taking care to draw the corner close to the mouth of the bag. Then he adroitly whisked out a hollow pineapple from the bag underneath the cloth. It was now the work of a minute only to force the snake into the apple, close the aperture, and the trick was done."—Benjamin Northrup in New York Mail and Express.

AN AID TO MILKING.

The Collegian's Advice to His Father Which Resulted Disastrously.

A college student in one of our western states returned home after his course was finished to find that his father, a clergyman with a small salary, was eking out his living by running a small farm. One of the adjuncts of the farm was a cow, a pretty good animal, which however, had a strong aversion to being milked.

Here was an opportunity for a display of the lately acquired knowledge of the juvenile collegian.

"Father," said he, "Professor G. says if one will place a weight upon a cow's back it will make her give down the milk."

The reverend gentleman, favorably impressed with this information that his son had learned from Professor G., decided to try the simple remedy. Instead, however, of placing a weight upon the cow's back, the clergyman placed himself upon it. But then he answered the purpose. The cow, however, was still obstinate.

"Tie my legs under the cow," said the father to his son.

The son did so. But the cow, unused to such unusual and arbitrary proceedings, manifested her displeasure by rearing and plunging, entirely unmindful of the dignity of the personage astride her spinal column. It was getting altogether too interesting for the two bipeds concerned in the transaction.

"Cut the rope, cut the rope!" shouted Mr. V. to his dutiful son, meaning the rope by which he was attached to the cow.

But the son, being somewhat excited, cut the rope by which the cow was fastened to the stallion. At once availing herself of the liberty thus offered, the cow took an unceremonious exit from the stable, and down through the street she went. The minister accompanied the cow, but in a manner not exactly befitting the dignity of his profession.

As it happened, one of the sisters of the congregation was on the street as the race was in progress. Surprised at such a sight, the good sister cried out, "Why, Brother V., where are you going?"

His sense of the ludicrous coming to his aid, Brother V. shouted back: "The Lord and the cow only know. I don't!" The clergyman was eventually rescued from his awkward perch and never attempted the feat again.—Voice.

Wellington's Greatest Battle.

A hitherto unpublished letter of the Duke of Wellington written to Colonel Wilke, one of the garrison of St. Helena when Napoleon was there, contains the following interesting reference to the duke's greatest battle:

"They used to call me the sepoy general. It is due to my having been a sepoy general that I won the battle of Waterloo. It targeht me where to place men with whom I could trust the honor of England and where to place men who were not so satisfactory. I had troops with me at Waterloo in whose hands the safety and honor of king and country could well be placed. I had numbers of others, some of whom I could not trust at all, some I could barely trust, and others who were not properly trained. It was owing to the fact of my having learned in the sepoy wars to place the best of the men in the parts of the field where the greatest courage and bravery were required, and others where those qualities were not required, that I won the battle of Waterloo."—Westminster Gazette.

Is a Frog a Fish?

Is a frog a fish? This is the problem which the officials of the Dominion fishery department have recently had to consider. Petitions were forwarded to the department from the inhabitants of Northumberland, Ont., praying for a close season for frogs. A lucrative trade in the shipment of frogs' legs had been done in that county, but it was discovered that the very time when the frogs are spawning is one when the greatest havoc is wrought among them. Possibly a change will be made in the fishery laws so as to embrace frogs. The officers say that in their embryonic stage frogs are certainly fishes, but later on they take an amphibious character.—Halifax Herald.

Dinner Service Worth \$190,000.

The silver dinner service which Mrs. J. W. Mackay has with her in Europe is worth \$190,000. Her millionaire husband furnished \$75,000 in weight of pure silver and then paid another \$115,000 for the work done upon it. The above is, I believe, reckoned as being the most costly silver set now in use in the world.—St. Louis Republic.

A Big Cypress Tree.

We started at 8:30 o'clock, determining to take on our way the big cypress of Tula, which is so large that it is worthy to be ranked above the big trees of California. We found it in the inclosure of the parish church. There is no doubt that the latter was built in that place because of the tree, for which the Indians feel great veneration. It is precisely of the same kind as the trees of Chapultepec, but the largest there is only 40 feet in circumference, while this one is, by recent measurement, 152 feet 4 inches. There is another difference, and a very marked one, and this is the tendency to a flattening of the lower and larger branches and of the peculiar buttresses which the trunk throws out. In the latter they are almost as flat as boards, and in the branches the flatness is that of a wedge. The contrast between these and the upper ones, which are rounded, is very striking. The trunk is not like an ordinary one, but resembles a buttressed wall, so that the two diameters vary enormously. The height must be less than 200 feet, making the appearance in a photograph almost dwarfish. The spread of the branches from north to south is gigantic, and the effect of light and shade is entrancing to the artist. There are colonies of lizards and of various birds in the different departments of the trunk and branches, and upon the green dome of the top were a group of buzzards that croaked without intermission during our whole stay.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Women of Hellas.

Alas for the Greek ideals! Here is what the women of Hellas look like now, as told by a correspondent: "The women wear short, shapeless tight skirts reaching a little above the ankles, made of the same material as their rugs, and a short white tunic made of coarse serge. Their hair is worn in a long braid, and to make it reach past the waist they plait in horsehair or black tow and decorate it with cheap coins, beads or coarse, bright cottons. Greek children are pretty, and so are the very young girls, but when they step from childhood to womanhood they soon lose all their good looks. The women toll not; neither do they spin. They are as lazy as the men and seem to have no higher idea of life than lying in the sun and drinking coffee or cold water. The food is a cross between German and Greek. The bread is black and under-baked, and the butter is churned from sheep's milk and never gets solid. The cow is not a milk purveyor in Athens, but a humble beast of toil. Our breakfasts were served in our rooms and were severely simple. They consisted of green tea, with sheep's milk, black bread and the pure honey of Hymettus. The honey of Hymettus is not so delightful as it sounds, because the bees browse among the strong scented arbutus, with which the mountain is covered, and the result is not appetizing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Personal Considerations.

Mrs. Home, the wife of the author who wrote "The Tragedy of Douglas," was very infirm and very peculiar and spent her time on a sofa in the unusual occupation of chewing nutmegs.

A gentleman who was a great admirer of her husband's work called one day to see him, and not finding him thought it would be only less delightful to talk with the wife of so celebrated a man. He was ushered into her presence and began to ingratiate himself by praising her husband. She made no answer. Then he attempted to talk on topics of general interest, and still she was silent. At last she spoke.

"Any prospect of a peace?" she inquired.
"Yes," he replied enthusiastically, certain now that conversation had really begun, "there is every hope that a glorious peace will soon be concluded."
"Oh, ay!" said she. "Will it make any difference in the price of nutmegs?"
The hero worshiper took his leave.—Youth's Companion.

Auction Sales.

Sales by auction, so far from being an invention of late years, were known as far back as the time of the Romans. It is supposed by some that they chiefly used the plan to dispose of the spoils taken in war. As these sales were said to take place under the spear, it is fair to conclude that they stuck a long spear in the ground to mark the place where the sale would be held. It was long the custom in England to mark the time during which bids might be offered by burning an inch of candle, the last offer before the light went out being of course the one that took the article on sale. This custom led many to make no bid until the candle was nearly out, and many often delayed so long that the end of the flame still found them silent.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Preparing For the Emergency.

"No," said Floatinhair, the poet, "I shall never call on that editor again—never, never!"
"What has he done?"
"He has been rudely sarcastic. I handed him a bundle of manuscript this morning, and he told the office boy to hunt up his overshoes."
"Overshoes!"
"Yes; he said he had a lot of slush to wade through."—Washington Star.
"Er man kin run inter debt," said Uncle Eben, "but when it comes ter gittin out he's gotter crawl."—Washington Star.

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